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PLEASANTRIES,

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RYME AND PROSE,

BY

GEORGE BREWER,

Author of Hours of Leisure, &c. &c.

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PLEASANTRIES,

IN

RHYME AND PROSE.

ODES TO FLATTERY,	ALL WORKS AND NO WORKS,
——— POVERTY,	THE DEBTOR AND CREDITOR,
A VISIT FROM INDUSTRY,	THE DRAGON DAME AND THE
ODE TO MY PARROT,	HAMMER DAME,
THE APOTHECARY AND HIS	EPISTLE FROM ESCULAPIUS,
OUT-RIDER,	THE DERBIAD, &c. &c.

BY

GEORGE BREWER,

Author of Hours of Leisure, &c. &c.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO JOHN HIRST, ESQ.

Of Winchmore Hill, Southgate, Middlesex.


“LIVE TRIFLING INCIDENTS AND GRACE MY SONG.”

Derby:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY G. WILKINS,
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1819.



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TO
JOHN HIRST, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

THOSE who know you, and did know your late, highly esteemed, father, will not wonder that there should be *private* gratitude, that might produce *public* testimony of respect, and having myself, served my King, it cannot be matter of surprise that I desire to present my Work, to one who has also *served*, and more, commanded a troop in one of the most highly distinguished regiments in *that* service, *the Royal Horse Guards, Blue.*

Believe me, Dear Sir, that I shall always consider it an honor, and pleasure to have any opportunity of subscribing myself with sincere regard,

Your most

Devoted humble servant,

GEO. BREWER.

Lirias Cottage, Derby, }
May 14th, 1819. }

P R E F A C E.

I DO not know what may be expected from these said PLEASANTRIES of mine, but I know that my friends, and subscribers must be very pleasant, and good tempered people for waiting the event so patiently. I think that I have given expectation a fair opportunity. I hope however most sincerely that these few *Vagaries*, may afford my subscribers some amusement in return for their kindness, and politeness, my excuse for the delay of publication is an honest one, and complimentary to them. I cannot write when I please, and could not bring *myself* to consent to give them what I should *myself* call rubbish: my Verses such as they are, are my *own*. I could easily have packed up a few common place rhymes to have answer'd the purpose of making a book, nor should I have much cared for what the Messrs Simpkins, Tompkins, or Hopkins of Society might have thought of the matter. I do not suffer these *dull homines* fit only to perpetuate the race of blockheads in the world, to

“ Dizzy my Arithmetic.”

Species who remind me of the excellent judgment in phisiogonomy of my friend Shakspeare,

“ Whence got you that goose look?”

I am now perhaps one of the most independent men living, not from having *so much*, but from wanting *so little*. The

Italian proverb, that, "*Poverty makes strange bed fellows,*" does not apply in my case. I will never sacrifice to fools, no nor write verses in public houses for "*cheerful ale.*" I shall still wrap my old cloak about me, and pass the vulgar,

"The little vulgar, and the great."

But then I have an infinite respect for *exceptions*, for the *egregious* of Society. Would that I knew of a spot where the blockheads might constitute the *exceptions*, there indeed an author might "*fare sumptuously every day.*" How unhappy is the lot of him, who is in a region where

"Grave and formal pass for wise."

I recollect a pleasant fellow, who threaten'd that he would advertise for an entire *new set* of friends, and acquaintance, the *old* being neither useful, nor ornamental; that a man comes to be so shuffled, and sorted in the world, is often a *mauvaise plaisanterie* of Madam Fortune.

I amuse myself sometimes in my own room, where, save, and except some twinges of conscience for past offences against happiness, and prosperity,

"For madaess ruled the hour;"

my mind is to me a *kingdom*, with some *pleasantries* of the imagination on the subject of my subscribers taking this my said Work into their hands. I fancy that I hear some *grave* Gentleman, say very *gravely* to another, as a salvo to his own Judgment, "Why Sir, I merely subscribed to serve the poor creature, probably I shall never look at his book," to which the other replies as *gravely*, "it was just so with

me Sir." Now all this ungracious reservation is the result of the *want* of pride. Few in the world with all their *pride*, are *proud* enough to say, unless bolster'd up by the opinion of a "*thousand barren spectators.*" *I like this Work*: how do I honor the man who wills it, to judge for himself; nor do the words published by subscription necessarily imply that the Author is a *poor Poet*, though it most certainly does imply that the *Poet is poor*. It is not pretended that these rhymes are of the modern high standard and measure, I am not one of those of whom Pope said,

" But most by *numbers*, judge a Poet's song,
And smooth, or rough with them is right or wrong;
In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuncful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus, but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds as some to church repair;
Not for the doctrine, but the music there,
'These equal syllables alone require.'"

It is possible that a man may write *Pleasantries* under very *unpleasant* circumstances, satire rises in the imagination to relieve as it were the sufferings it endures, and a contempt for the *motley* people, and *motley* things of the world, creates an efferverescence that neutralises,

" For though oppression's of great use,"
Yet satire has a spring,
That starts up to resist abuse,
" With formidable sting."

I hope however, that the pages of this volume that may be considered satirical, will be found without gall. Without

malice, I would have my satire to be of the description, if possible so to administer the dose. “*That cures because the remedy is loved.*”

“But should proud folly domineer,
Disturb its paradise;
Be to *severity, severe,*
Inveterate to vice.”

It is glorious to make war against the false pretenders to sanctity, learning, taste, or manners, there indeed I am pleased to

“Flutter your volscians.”

I shall not be very severe against my townsmen, for merely having been born in a *particular* place, because I do not like to quarrel with a man for his misfortunes.

I declare all to have been written in *pleasantry*, I am *invested in my motley* and “*They that are most galled with my folly, they most must laugh.*”

“When caps among the crowd are thrown,
Take that which fits you for your own,”



Ode to Flattery.

1

MADAM Flattery, polite, and charming
Thy doses, exhilarant, and warming
Who dare thy name traduce
Or with grave, formal, impudence pretend
That they esteem sincerity a friend
And load thee with abuse.

2

Now, these folks fib, sincerity all hate
From the low shed, to canopies of state
All like sugar, honey,
Self dubb'd saints bear praise not by compulsion
Huge draughts they love of that sweet emulsion
But then next to money.

3

I'll be frank, fate grant but this petition
Deprive me not of dear imposition

Nor see me ill treated

By ugly, scarecrow truths, so blunt, and plain
That busy conscience echoes them again

Rather, I'd be cheated.

4

By dear delusions of affection
Friendship—patronage—protection,

Love! pray who'd repel it?

A fine rich, sugar sweet collection
Paris, or London's the direction

Where they buy, and sell it.

5

Where none are ugly, silly, ill, nor old
Where tell tale vulgar truths are never told

That would shew ill breeding

Where thou sweet syren goddess art supreme
Where all thy votaries, always dream

Dreams of bliss exceeding.

11

6

Pray? who from such phantasies would awake
 Like little children with the belly ache
 To fret, and to be sore
 When the old fav'rite recipe again
 In somewhat larger dose would ease the pain
 If taken as before.

7

Thou south aspect of life's wintry hour
 Nurs'ry bed, or gentle summer's shower
 Or lump of sugar sweet
 That as they say in Middy's mess at sea,
 Softens *so well*, the hardship of the tea
 The simile's compleat.

8

Save me from honesty, vile optician
 That prys so much into our condition
 With frightful microscope
 Save me from noddors, shruggers, winkers
 Give me thy best, charming, patent blinkers
 And drive me on with hope.

12

9

Give me some sweetly sugar'd, soothing drop
 Or some such rich, intoxicating sop
 As would charm a dragon
 You'll find in me no silly, sulky clown
 Thy largest dose, in truth, I'd swallow down
 Though it were a flaggon.

10

Thou soft warm water trickling down one's back
 Thou luscious draught of malmsey or of sack
 Or whisky punch of Fat,
 Or Martinique noyau, or rich liqueur
 Or cordial call'd in France, parfait amour
 You take me, verbum sat.

11

How delightful when some tongue rehearses
 Really! you write such clever verses
 Let them this flatt'ry call
 Why Sir, it matters not to me a rush
 No!—lay it on with large, thick, pound brush
 A Poet can take all.

Ode to Poverty.



I

How many folks complain of thee
 My old acquaintance, **POVERTY**
 As though thou wer't a curse
 When by experience I know
 Thou dost advantages bestow
 Far above any purse.

2

I'll take thy part faithful beldam
 Greater folks see me but seldom
 Thou art sure to hug me,
 What though thy manners be but plain
 Thou wilt try much to entertain,
 Nor to follies lug me.

14

3

Let sordid minds then riches share
 Since with them they must have their care
 The racking pains of wealth
 To their vain ambitions leave them
 Of thy choicest gifts bereave them
 Safety, sound sleep, and health.

4

Leave them that curse, satiety
 With its ill cure, variety.
 With crowded rooms of spies
 Leave them the complimentary lie
 That imposition, company,
 Their *eating* enemies.

5

Now, thou old dame hast got a mind
 And to a Peet is most kind
 Although somewhat ugly
 Thou prov'st neglect from Pomp, or state
 True independence can *create*
 Thou liv'st *very* snugly.

A Poet has small chance for wine
 Nor by the great is ask'd to dine
 While he's bethroth'd to thee
 Unless Duke Humphrey send his card
 As he has done to many a bard
 And oft has done to me.

'Tis said though somewhat out of place
 That to be poor is no disgrace
 Why make it so then wealth?
 Pshaw!! come old scarecrow poverty
 In *aqua pure*, hob nob with me
 And *truly* drink my health.

Great physician in dyspepsia
 Fam'd in case apoplexia
 Making cool and quiet,
 What can keep th' imagination
 And ev'ry thing in proper station
 Like *poor, scanty*, diet.

16

9

In thy praise too, I would mention
Thy wondrous talent at invention

Why ! 'tis prodigious
And what is more, there's in thy case
So much of *works* as well as *grace*
Thou'rt indeed religious.

10

Thou need'st not fear, thy rival here
Nor any one to domineer.

Fortune will not own me
And the plain, honest truth to tell
It might have been for me as well
Had she never known me.

11

The *vulgar* rich will not intrude
Beside, that they would think it rude
With them thou'st no graces
Thy squalid looks would give them pain
From all such visits they refrain
Nor shew their *fat* faces.

Nor fear not dame, ill-natur'd sallies
 From that busy gossip, malice

None will dispute thy charms
 With one consent they'll all agree
 To leave me, Lady POVERTY,
 To linger in thy arms.

Yet in this world it may be wise
 That we may thy privations, prize

The heart that fain would mend
 Will soon thy real value know
 Discover *wealth* to be a foe
 And *poverty*, a friend.



A visit from Industry.



ONE afternoon, I think it was on new year's day
 Talking to Madam Fortune in my musing way
 I said, "what shall I do for cash?" jogging my knee
 As many other folks do, in such jeopardy
 'Tis very true Madam that I sit down and fret,
 But then pray do you not know, that I am in debt
 While speaking these words, I heard a loud single
 tap

At my chamber door, or rather a sort of rap
 Now it is usual with folks in debt, to beware
 Of Bailiffs, so with a pause, I cried—who's there?
 I am said a Lady who pop't into the room
 Dress'd in a silk gown, that look'd just fresh from
 the loom

But without finery, or frippery, or lace
 With very coarse hands, and a plain hard
 featur'd face

But sure never was woman so clean and so neat
 And all of a piece too, from the head to the feet.
 “I am Sir,”—with a very low curtesy, said she
 I’m a stranger to you Sir,—my name’s INDUSTRY
 “Industry! oh! aye,—I remember good woman
 You’re not a fine Lady, you’re one of the common
 ’Twas Dame Fortune I wish’d to pay me a visit
 But how came you here—pray madam how is it?
 I must beg you’ll be seated? I’m but a bad hand
 At the pride that would make wearied Industry
 stand,

Excuse me cried the Lady, I know well my place
 I have only just stept in, having heard of your case
 If you will accept of my advice, I know Sir a way
 By which you will get money, Sir, day after day
 For the Lady you mention, Dame Fortune, she’s shy
 And unless that I bring her, Sir, seldom goes nigh
 Those who would court her—though by chance
 now and then

Being blind, it is certain that she visits some men
 Who are worthless, or knaves, or blockheads,
 or fools,

But when she finds her mistake, she makes them
 her tools

To serve her in folly, and in error, and vice,
 For my friend Madam Fortune is not over nice,
 Even when from myself, she has introduction
 She often deceives by her wiles of corruption
 “For dame Fortune said I, I own predilection”
 ’Tis true in bank notes she’s a dealer in fiction;
 But when fiction succeeds, it is sure much the same
 For why, fiction is truth while consent gives the
 name

A brood I much want of her dear piccaninies
 What the folks in the City, nominate guineas
 Now a nest might by good chance fall into my lap
 By a death, or the lott’ry, or some such like hap,
 But Madam, you are a Lady, I’ve no wish to know
 Your way to get money, is so plaguely slow,
 “Not so slow as you think, if for once you’ll
 begin

Try to gain a reward—the *reward* will come in
 You may trust to my word on any occasion
 You’ll find nor deception, nor risk, nor evasion.”
 My dear Lady said I, to be candid and brief
 Mine is a case that wants immediate relief,
 Now it is not in your way to give speedy cure
 Though I’ll readily grant that your practice is *sure*,

Pray Sir, "said the Lady, forsake your sedative
 And just try for a month, my sure alterative
 Of indolence 'tis both the plague, and the curse
 That your case, and your fortune prove ev'ry day
 worse;

To observe with what vigour prosperity grows
 Is a blessing that only true Industry knows,
 But my rule, by the bye, you'll not easily guess"
 No, Madam, what is it? "*get more, and spend less,*"
 "Very well Madam"—now then your second rule
 pray?

It is as good as the first I'll venture to say"
 "Sister Prudence and I then together," said she,
 For you know that she mostly accompanies me,
 Give you this lesson—to be able to gain
 First learn how to increase, and then how to
 refrain

For what you would like, don't wish idly, and pout
It were better to see what you can do without
 For all that is reasonable, I can provide,
 You will find me a friend, in whom to confide
 With these words I got up to go out of the room,
 "My *sofa* I leave——for Madam your *loom*."

To my Parrot.*



POLL, accept a dedication
 Best of Pollies in the nation
 With eye considerate
 Aye, most faithful too, and loving
 To thy friendless master proving
 Kind, affectionate.

For thirty years close at my side
 Hast thou thine arts of pleasing tried
 Yes, and politely too:
 How often when lain down my head
 Thou'st sweetly call'd me from my bed
 With "How do you do?"

* The bird is dead, on which these lines were written.

Well, may'st thou listen to my verse
While these my stanzas I rehearse

We are well together,
For Polly 'tis both sad and true
That thou art like thy master too
Somewhat out of feather.

Once in gay plumage thou didst shine
Nor faded, can the blame be thine,
It is but time and fate
For Polly will not deign assume
Nor stoop to wear one borrow'd plume
Meanly, to decorate.

Thus with no friend nor patron nigh
To whom a Poet might apply
Poll, I have pick'd out thee
For often hast thou cheer'd the day
And sweetly prattled time away
With harmless pleasantry.

Thy manners have been never rude
Thy language ever chaste, and good
'Tis true a little stock,

What if thou *mak'st* a small mistake
 Which many greater scholars *make*
 “——What's a clock.”

Or if thyself thou dost amuse
 With flatt'ry that's of little use
 Of thy form and feature
 Though truly 'tis not very meet
 So thine own praises to repeat
 “Polly, pretty creature.”

Thou tak'st a lesson but from man
 Himself, he flatters while he can
 Aye, with care unceasing
 Through all life's wintry stormy days
 His sunshine is a little praise
 Ever, and ever pleasing.

THE
Apothecary and his Out-rider.



1

ONE day appear'd in Duffield road
A figure drear and grim
It was y'cleped, *Ollapod*
The boys all cried, 'tis him,

2

Mounted upon a mare 'twas seen
All carved was its wig,
And but that it was very mean
It would have look'd quite big.

3

It happen'd that a tir'd clown
 Tramping along that way
 Knowing this *Galen* of the town
 To catch him made essay.

4

No sooner did this clown espy
 Sage Apothecary,
 Than's pedestrian energy
 Began much to vary.

5

He saw the Doctor mounted well,
 And ponder'd in his mind
 It is the Doctor, who can tell
 But I may ride behind.

6

The clown not long his suit deferr'd
 But did the Doctor greet,
 For *sorely* were his motives stirr'd
 B' impressions on his feet.

7

The Doctor only twitch'd his neck
 As wont, on occasion
 Of humble, *empty* rhetoric
 Moneyless persuasion.

8

Unmov'd at frightful, ugly frown
 And looks of *funny* pride,
 Still persevering kept the clown
 Close at the horse's side.

9

Galen pursued a devious way
 Cautious aberration,
 " Doctor!—why Doctor!—stay,
 Wife needs consultation."

10

At this the Doctor in a trice
 Reign'd back his prancing steed,
 Such words would any time suffice
 To check a Doctor's speed.

11

Consult, it was alone he heard
 Which fancy made a fee
 More readily than any word
 Is trac'd to pedigree.

12

“ Well, well, my friend, what do you say?
 Eh, what! your wife is ill,
 What is it man that ails her, eh?
 I'll order her a pill.”

13

“ Hold, I'll tell you about it,”
 “ Well—come—do then—quick,”
 “ You'll do good, I don't doubt it
 For she be mainly sick.”

14

“ Sick, eh!”—“ aye Sir, 'tis surely so
 And since you be so kind,
 That you may all the matter know
 Please you, I'll mount behind.”

29

15

Then Sir, you know, you'll lose no way
But may jog on apace
While you can hear all that I say
Of mistress, and her case.

16

And now began in Galen's mind
Betwixt his pride and fee,
That rag'd like sea against the wind,
A strange controversy.

17

At length the Doctor made a halt
And brought his nag so near,
That strait the clown he made a vault
And settled in his rear.

18

The Doctor drest in suit of black,
The clown in frock all blue
Stuck to the little Doctor's back
As he'd been fix'd with glue.

Would that fam'd Gilray were but nigh
 To draw the laden hack,
 The Doctor turning neck awry,
Out-rider at his back.

And now with joy the Doctor found
 Some symptoms of a job,
 Symptoms that did a case propound
 For happy Simon Lob.

Cruel!—a chariot heav'd in sight
 Two Ladies fair, were in it ;
 The Doctor in his awkward plight
 Knew it in a minute.

For strait did he begin to twitch
 And eke to hem and cough,
 Giving the Clown a sudden hitch
 "I say, *get off—get off.*"

23

“ What shall I do ? eh ! what disgrace

“ My friends ! so off you’ll get,”

“ Why Sir, I better know my place,

I mun go further yet.”

24

“ ’Tis Mrs. B—— so get down—quick”

“ Well what o’that mun eh ?

Na, I be *here*, and *here* I’ll stick,

I be in luck to day.”

25

Fast stuck the Clown, on went the hack,

The Doctor sick, and sore

With such a blister at his back

That vex’d him more, and more.

26

Fain would he turn, but knew not how,

The Chariot came apace ;

The Doctor fain would make a *boie*,

But only made a *face*.

The Ladies smil'd at such a sight
 With wonder, and with scorn,
 The Doctor in his piteous plight
 Wishing he'd ne'er been born.

And now 'twas for many a rood
 The Clown still kept his seat,
 The Doctor in a musing mood
 In dread whom next to meet.

A Curricie! Lord T—— is nigh
 The Doctor gives a groan
 And nods his head, and winks his eye
 In dread of being known.

Yet Ollapod, he rode in state
 As you will all agree,
 Nor had his Lordship though more great
Out-rider such as he.

Thus constant kept his friend the Clown
 With most composed face,
 Till of himself, *himself* got down
Resigning of *his* place.

“ Well, well, I’ll see your Wife, I’ll call
 After a little while,”
 At which the clown set up a bawl
 “ Why it be *forty* mile.”

And then the Clown he grin’d a grin,
 Bolting towards a stile,
 While those who saw him figure in,
 Saw not the Doctor smile.

But with a horrid yell, and moan
 He twitch’d his head, and swore
 “ Henceforward I will ride alone,
 Nor have *Out-rider* more.”

The Debtor and Creditor,

A TALE.



A CREDITOR of hungriest kind
 With an instinct keen, but narrow mind,
 With sharp, thin face, and figure taper
 By trade, a retail Linen Draper,
 A man, for character much quoted,
 And for acceptance never *noted*;
 (Tho' what is call'd *character*, withal
 Is but at the best, equivocal,
 As some great folks in *honor* place it,
 Yet with *dishonest* deeds disgrace it;
 Will get at means by false pretences
 But not commit ill-bred offences.)
 So a character is gain'd in trade
 By paying of that, that should be paid,

Which argues as plainly as it can,
 That 'tis money makes an *honest* man ;
 So that the old maxim pay you must
 Is as strictly legal, as 'tis just :
 So thought CAMBRICK, who with *capias*
 Latitat, fieri facias,
 Sued ev'ry one who could not pay,
 As by far the best, and surest way ;
 To farther means of satisfaction
 By the expences of an action
 As thus, an honest man, perdue,
 Who can't pay one pound, can pay two ;
 An inverse rule of arithmetic,
 Or rather some Lawyer's juggling trick ;
 A system old *Cocker* never knew,
 But which some *special pleader* drew,
 Or recognis'd by some one act is,
 Or in some page of *Impey's Practice*,
 That would by *hocus pocus* docket
 Draw guineas from an empty pocket,
 Or instruct your plaintiff how to get
 Some few pounds of cash, in lieu of debt,
 A *Shylock* kind of law, expedient
 For Creditors, not over lenient.

Now, near this same Draper in the Strand
 There liv'd a certain Grocer, close at hand
 The first sold lawus, the last, bohea,
 The Ladies visited at tea;
 But 'gainst close friendship there's a spite
 Your most loving gossips dis-unite;
Cambrick got rich—the *Grocer* poor
 Duns by day, and night, beset his door.
 He knew no comfort but on one day,
 And only shew'd his face on Sunday:
 Nor had he peace, nor recreation
 Unless 'twas in the long vacation;
 At ev'ry knock he felt new terror,
 For they'd nonpross'd his writs of error,
 And therefore now was come the season
 To go into the King's bench prison;
 And duly surrender'd by his bail,
 Poor *Sago* found himself in jail
 While *stiff* CAMBRICK, reckless of his fate
 Lodg'd detainer also, at the gate.
 Friend *Sago* had now got reconcil'd
 To his *safe*, snug lodging, and beguil'd
 The hours at droll pastimes with the rest,
Turning, turn keys, even into jest;

Soon paid out a *chum* as others do
 And got a handsome room—stair case too.
 The Pris'ner, a life of leisure lives,
 That to his Creditor nothing gives,
 So that many think it an abuse
 And a prison but of little use ;
 That it don't lessen accompt debit
 Nor add to either parties credit ;
 Yet, it is held libellous to lash
 A Creditor for being so rash.
 For it is well known in law, a man
 Will do no more mischief than he can,
 Nay more, shews lenity exceeding
 From lapse, or flaw in his proceeding,
 And check'd by some blunder, most of all
 Becomes compassionate and lib'ral,
 And feels, altho' it arrives too late,
 Abundantly considerate.
 So *Sago* from some *lapsus* tedious,
 By 's lawyer snapp'd, *supersedeas*
 From all his actions, save but the one
 Of his kind neighbour *Cambrick* alone,
 For that was call'd an execution
 The body, or full restitution.

—At length, so things by time prevail
Cambrick, must needs see his friend in jail,
 And with tender feelings did deplore
 That he had never done it before ;
 Marvell'd how it had been neglected
 And his detainer, recollected,
 For it was now two years, and better
 Since he had thought about his debtor.
Cambrick arrived, poor *Sago* saw
 The *Dead*, living victim of the law,
 But in a snug chamber quite compleat
 With handsome furniture, new and neat.
Cambrick accosted, with but ill grace
 His friend, making a most rueful face,
Sago your hand, pray now reproach no more,
 A Turnkey is with me at the door;
 To *change place* with you, is now my doom,
 Here—here's your *discharge*—give me your *room*
 “ Truly!—eh what!—is that the case?”
Cambrick replied with serious face,
 “ My ruin now, is quite compleated,
 In the Exchequer I'm *estreated*
 For smuggled maslin, I've elegits,
 Besides a score of *clausum fregits* ;

But should not now have made this journey,
 Had it not been for my attorney,
 Who has by costs, so cut my estate,
 Obtain I cannot, certificate
 In trade, an excommunication
 From *fraud*, as well as occupation,
 Which keeps a man so cool and quiet
 And on such low, and scanty diet,
 That it never lets him live again
 To cheat, and thrive, like your *honest* men.”
 “Why then cried *Sago*, I’ve no doubt on’t
 But that in jail, you’ll have a bout on’t;
 For should *you* be taken from this place,
 It must be indeed, by *act of grace*.”



The Epicure.*



LET the Epicure boast the delight of his soul,
 In the high season'd dish, and the rich flowing
 bowl;
 Can they give such true joys as benevolence can,
 Or as charity feels when it benefits man:
 Let him know the kind impulse that suffers
 with grief,
 Let him taste the delight of affording relief,
 Let him serve the GREAT AUTHOR of nature's
 Great Plan,
 Who design'd man to act as the brother of man;
 Though deceiv'd by a Friend let him see what
 he'll gain,
 When the impulse of anger he learns to restrain.

* These words were set to music by Whitackre, and sung by Mr. Payne, with great applause, in the Author's Farce call'd the "Out-side Passenger." it is continued to be sung in public and private companies.

Though great the offence, oh forgive if you can,
For revenge is a monster disgraceful to man.
Think the chapter of life, oft reverses the scene,
And the rich man becomes, what the poor man
has been.

Think that chapter must end, for but short is
the span,
That will give us the power to benefit man.



To my Pen.



As thoughtful of wants, of credit, and cash,
 Of contempt, and reproach, fell poverty's lash,
 I began in despair to jog hard my knee,
 When a *soft, stilly* voice thus whisper'd to me,
 To ponder and dream, will not answer thine ends
 Since thou hast spent all thy money, and tired
 thy friends,
 (Pray don't be offended, if well understood,
 My reasoning is fair, and my argument good.)
 For want of a dinner, never be at a stand,
 To make sure of a meal, take but me in thy hand.
 I look'd round the room at a loss what to say,
 'Twas my pen on the table, unemploy'd lay.

LINES,

ON THE

Singing of Miss Stevens.

I

Did you not hear a bird last night, it sung
 So sweet, you never, never could forget,
 So fine upon the sense the music hung,
 It charm'd me then, and so it charms me yet;
 For now the lovely Songstress far is gone,
 Th' impression dwells so strongly fix'd with me,
 My ravish'd mind, though the sweet bird is flown
Retains th' enchanting melody.

'Twas but a bird of passage, seldom seen,
Of song so rare, such med'cine in the sound ;
That though my heart in saddest plight had been,
It would have sooth'd the anguish of the wound.
Yes, 'twas a bird by some rare magic drest
In human form, most lovely, and most fair,
Or else conceal'd within her snowy breast,
In luxury did inhabit there.

Or chance, it was some spirit from above,
Or chance 'twas echo's own sweet tuneful strain ;
For what beside could such a rival prove,
And mock so well “ *It echoes me again.*”
But if a Woman as thy form display'd
The happy Man, who may have thee for wife,
Bound by such sweet magic, shall be said
With truth, “ *To bear a charmed life.*”

All Works and No Works.

THERE are two great cheats both in country and town,

True servants of Satan, who run up and down ;
The first is nam'd "*All Works*"—" *No Works*"
the other,

As arrant a rogue as "*All Works*" his brother.
I'll describe, aye, and to all the world shew them,
That he who may meet, may readily know them :
First, Mr. "*All Works*," he is stately, and proud,
Talks much of his deeds as he passes aloud,
In hopes that the World his great merits may scan,
Quite pleas'd with the title, *a very good man*,
Seeks public occasions to succour distress,
In charity's deeds profuse to excess ;
Hence by numerous donations aptly supplied,
Buys up a character flattering to pride ;

In public subscriptions makes ample display,
 And receives in applause just double the pay,
 But bestows not his alms where none can behold
The bountiful act, only done to be told;
 Nor meanness will hinder, nor avarice stint,
 Can he see his dear name display'd but in print,
 This man, ever well pleas'd with all that he does
 Thinks that he knows all, in the little he knows;
 Assumes an uprightness that cannot apply,
 While human infirmity gives it the lie;
 Affirms that the mind, by its energies strong
 Could reach at all knowledge, and never judge
 wrong.*

Equal to all in philosophy's scale,
 Though to put back an hour he could not prevail,
 Nor knows whence the mind, nor can give statue
 breath,
 Nor tell of the country that opens in death.

* Some of the German philosophers, and disciples of the professor Kant, maintain that the human mind might be capable, by its energies of all knowledge, and rectitude: to have a *knowledge* of the absurdity of this doctrine; the best, and the wisest men have only to *commune in their own chambers, and be still*, and indeed the *wisdom from above*, does not produce a radical cure for the weakness, and irregularity of the human understanding, the *vita perfecta*, is not the human life.

But with him 'tis the practice all things to deny,
 That demonstrative proof may fail to supply ;
 He heeds not great *Locke* by the scholar rever'd,
Where reason can't reach, take God at his
*word.**

* *Locke* says, " All the great ends of morality and religion, are well enough secured without philosophical proofs of the Soul's immateriality, since it is evident that he who made us first begin to subsist here—intelligent sensible beings—and for several years continued us in such a state, can, and will restore us to the like state of sensibility in another world, and make us capable there to receive the retribution he has designed to men according to their doings in this life. It is a point that seems to me to be put out of the reach of our knowledge."

And in his answer to *Stillingfleet*, Bishop of Worcester, he says, " This your accusation of my lessening the credibility of these articles of faith, is founded on this, that the article of the immortality of the Soul abates of its credibility, if it be allowed that its immateriality (which is the supposed proof from reason, and philosophy of its immortality) cannot be demonstrated from natural reason, which argument of your Lordship's bottoms as I humbly conceive on this, that divine revelation abates of its credibility in all those articles it proposes, proportionably as human reason fails to support the testimony of God, and all that your Lordship has said, when examined, will, I suppose, be found to import thus much: viz. does God propose any thing to mankind to be believed? It is fit, and credible to be believed, if reason can demonstrate it to be true. But if human reason comes short in the case, and cannot make it out, its credibility is thereby lessened, which is in effect to say, that the veracity of God is not a firm, and sure foundation of faith to rely upon, without the concurrent testimony of reason; i. e. with reverence be it spoken, God is not to be believed on his own word, unless what he reveals be in itself credible, and might be believed without him.

And where can philosophy better depend
 Than on God, Almighty, Creator, and friend.
 For 'tis on all, redemption's blessings shower,
 Save those who doubt, or worse deny his power;
 Should such lose paradise, theirs be all the blame,
 Shall they obtain the advantage they disclaim.
 'Twas thus the harden'd Jews all proofs withstood
 Dooming the guiltless, guilty of his blood.
 Let th' alternative, the atheist's mind appal,
 To him, 'tis the writing on the Palace wall.
 But "All Works," elate at the logic of man
 Would explain by its rules the Almighty's Great
 Plan.

The moral his system, for so 'tis y'clept,
 A law by frail mortal, never yet kept;
 But if *upright*, may err, imputes it to this,
 That the very best men, do something amiss.
 His faults are but venial, and mercy will save,
 With full absolution to flatter a knave.
 No Saviour he seeks, his strength is his own,
 And a *dying discretion* for all may atone.
 Behold "No Works" step forth, with long dismal
 face,
 Convinc'd that he's one of the children of grace;

By the devil persuaded, he's holy and pure,
 Far better than others, *of salvation sure*;
 Nor need he exclaim 'gainst Pharisee brother,
 At heart he's a Pharisee bad as the other;
 For it takes not much pains with such sneaking
 elves,

To make them quite pleas'd, and content with
 themselves:

He proudly assumes that he's of the elect,
 Tho' like *All Works*, a knave, shou'd truth but
 dissect;

Says very long prayers when people are nigh, }
 But no offering makes in his privacy, }
 The best test of truth, and of honesty. }

This Hypocrite acts his religion so well,
 The spurious from true 'tis not easy to tell;
 Tho' Satan you'll trace in some saying quaint
 As, "*The greater the sinner, greater the saint,*"
 Or "I shall at rest in heavenly station
 Say, an *Amen*, to another's damnation."

Or some such vile cant that the devils approve
 Contrary to scripture, for scripture is love.
 With all his religion, he feels not nor knows,
 That grace once imbued, continually flows,

Through all the endearing relations of life,
 O'erflowing with love, abating all strife,
 Instructing, directing, subduing the mind
 Until chasten'd, improv'd, meek, gentle, refin'd,
 ALL BLESSED ITSELF—IT BLESSES MANKIND,
 Not so withsly "*No Works*," no love in his breast,
 With him a good action's a scoff, and a jest;
 He coolly pretends that good works are but vain,
 Hence does from *good works*, most *coolly* abstain,
 In the household of faith, all boons are applied,
 And very *poor boons*, or the house is belied.
 No charity warms, himself is his theme,
 His hymn, and his psalm, salvation his scheme.
 He will not discern, that though works can't
 succeed
 As a claim to salvation, yet works will proceed,
 From grace that is pure, that which flows from
 above,
 Displaying its power, in truth, and in love.
 As gold of the river, in current refin'd
 Leaves all that is dross, and pollution behind;
 Now "*No Works*" but speaks of the power to
 save,
 Salvation is all the impostor would have;

Nor asks but for that, as a salvo for sin,
 Forsaking his Saviour, where precepts begin;
 Would *smuggle* redemption, and heavenly bliss,
 Betraying like *Judas*, his Lord with a kiss;
 Polluting the cross and grieving the Spirit,
 Not claiming, and actually having no merit;
 Yet in his long prayers so well plays his part,
 You'd suspect not deception could reign in his
 heart.

But some, 'tis most strange, and hard to believe,
 Deceiving of others, themselves too deceive,
 Like people who habits of lying pursue,
 Till it loses its vice, as they fancy all true.
 To favorite sins the impostor gives place,
 For *him* they're wash'd out in the fountain of
 grace:

All, all are provided for, do what he may,
 The *past*, and the *present*, and for *day* after *day*.
 A righteousness pure, is *imputed* to him,
 And happy it is, or his hope might grow dim.
 Next of his experiences preaches aloud
 To some ignorant, gaping, fanatic crowd
 How grace came on a sudden, while selling some tea
 And *now*, none are holier, nor purer than he;

As if a few ohs! and groanings, and sighs
 Could smuggle his soul to bliss in the skies,
 Like the papists who use the most horrible cries
 And think that *good acting* for all will suffice.
 But now he can't *swear*, is a babe without blame,
 Tho' he lies, aye and cheats, without scruple, or
 shame ;
 'Tis true he nor swears, nor gets drunk, no, nor
 whores,
 But a brute is at home, and a saint out of doors,
 A *Narbal* perhaps, as selfish his life,
 As sullen his temper, as morose to a wife.
 For with saints such as these who whimper and
 whine,
 All affections are lost, no feelings refine ;
 As if the regenerate heart were but known
 By its being as hard as a flint, or a stone ;
 To all but dear self, the salvation he seeks,
 On all other faiths, his vengeance he wreaks.
 His *new* birth, no new grace, nor virtues unfold,
 The heart he calls *new* 's just as bad as the *old* ;
 Yet then it is certain that some *change* begins
 The *chopping*, and *changing* of habits and sins.

He must *seem* a saint, and *seems* it so well,
 That what brother saint could the counterfeit tell,
 True grace is display'd in a more humble mind,
 With charity shedding its rays in mankind;
 In forgiveness so full, that anger expires
 In chaste, and in holy, in temperate desires.
 True grace like a sun will resplendently shine,
 Bounteous, benevolent, beautiful, benign.
 Where once we see love bid all scruples depart,
 For love's the sure test of regenerate heart:
 Love to your God—to your Saviour—mankind,
 A grave face without this, is a mask, or a blind.
 But what principles rule the mind fraught with ill,
 Malice the chief, with her consummate skill;
 Envy, mistrust, suspicion, and hate,
 Intolerant pride, with its saintship elate.
 But learn, ye unfriendly, 'tis heaven's behest,
 The mind that has malice, shall never have rest.
 Not so, with the humble, the gen'rous, sincere,
 Some angel is present, Emmanuel near;
 And then if temptation should chance lead aside,
 He'll not wander far, who has God for his guide.
 Satan, the World, but assault him in vain,
 For angels of power his footsteps sustain;

And restless in sin, dissatisfied, weak,
 Alarm'd, and distress, his shepherd he'll seek :
 Griev'd that ungrateful, his Saviour he griev'd,
 Again owns his weakness, again is receiv'd.
 Thus whether the gospel's from liturgy read,
 Or in unadorn'd chapels its doctrines be spread :
 Worship'd in truth, let no sectary despair,
 Call but on God—your God will be there.
 But let no one pretend a chapel to raise
 To the Church's dishonour, 'tis artful dispraise ;
 For like papists of old, 'tis strange, as 'tis true,
 Sectarists there are as intolerant too ;
 They hold they've the truth, exclusive, alone,
 All the rest in the wrong, aye, every one ;
 Would suppress all beside, the churches pull down,
 And in bonfires burn, both the mitre and gown.
 Unchristian this spirit, proceed whence it may,
 Wheresoever it rules, the devils have sway.
 Unfair 'tis to urge some Church Pastors neglect,
 What the gospel requires, what duties direct ;
 The doctrine itself is most sacred, and pure,
 No cant mars the text, no delusions allure ;
 It builds not on merits, yet works it demands,
 In obedience to God, and his holy commands.

Then should there be sin, as 'tis doubtless there
will,

A Saviour's redemption absolves from the ill.

But woe to the Preacher, who works shall require,
His Members will scoff, and none will admire;
Save the stranger, who pure from the Bible has
brought,

What the Saviour himself in *Galilee* taught.

'Tho' professors may quibble and idly refine

All moral is holy, and precept divine;

The distinction is this, divine grace *proceeds*,

The moral from sin, but shrinks, or *recedes*

In fear of the law, the moral man lives,

But the law but *deters*, divine Spirit *gives*,

Rules every action preventing the will,

Let the tree be but good, what fruit can be ill ;

In harmony then each action will prove,

He cannot err long whose principle's love,

For as on troubled, and tempestuous main

The needle vibrates, but to return again ;

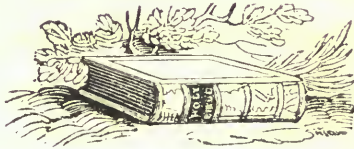
The true believer will not deviate far ;

Jesus his magnet, and his polar star.

A true christian is humble, is modest, and mild,

In wisdom a God, in meekness a child ;

Gentle his manners, not scornful, nor rude,
 For temper in him is allay'd, or subdued:
 To all that's benign his religion gives scope,
 His Saviour his glory, his pattern, his hope.
 Were all men true christians, such virtue elate
 E'en evils of nature would greatly abate,
 And man might himself *Millenium* create. }
 Then would the world become, what it ought to be
 A scene of Love and harmless Pleasantry.



Lines,

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. R. N. F——

On his Verses entitled “ The Wild Rose.”

1

OF little worth is praise to thee,
 From one so humble, yet I'm free
 To judge a Poet's song ;
 And pleas'd with fancy, and with grace
 Will mark the beauties that I trace,
 Nor do thy stanzas *wrong*.

2

I have no sordid mean desire
 To court no favour I aspire ;
 “ Man delights not me :”
 'Tis mine to judge thy verse alone,
 And wast thou friendless and forlorn,
 'Two'd have like *eulogy*.

With native truth, and colouring chaste.

I avow thy Wild Rose grac'd

Poetic imagery :

And had I but a gaver heart,

Thy verse would presently impart

All its best pleasantry.



The Dragon Dame,
 AND
 THE HAMMER DAME,
 A TALE.

I

I SING not ancient chivalry,
 Nor do I chaunt some sorry lie,
 Though it may strange appear ;
 A dame I sing, I mourn to tell,
 Can curse, and swear, and huff as well
 As any Grenadier.

2

The Dragon Dame, for that's the name
 On her escutcheon drawn by fame,
 Full dread was in the fight ;
 Her tongue so bold, as I am told,
 When it with direst vengeance roll'd,
 Belabour'd many a Knight.

3

But as sage Shakspeare makes appear,
 Two suns can't shine in hemisphere,
 So by this tale you'll see :
 Two Dames of prowess like in tongue,
 That could outring, the bells that rung,
 Could never well agree.

4

Another dame there liv'd hard by,
 'Twas so decreed by destiny
 Of right val'rous name ;
 Her Lord had crest in chivalry,
 A Hammer rampant, so was she,
 'Yclep'd the Hammer Dame.

5

It chanc'd one day, as I heard say,
 The Dragon Dame met in her way
 When she was very cross ;
 The Hammer Dame who made no stop,
 Nor even did a curtsey drop,
 But both their heads did toss.

6

And now the Dragon Dame did ply,
 The Hammer Dame with ribaldry
 That she most tamely bore;
 Until enraged with greeklike ire,
 The Hammer dame afresh struck fire,
 At being call'd a W——e.

7

But now by charm of Lichfield's name,
 The Dragon Lady grows more tame,
 With thought of pennance dire;
 Of ceremonial dread and sad,
 Of being in a white sheet clad,
 Inelegant attire.

8

And now about the streets she goes,
 Enrag'd alike at friends and foes,
 With thoughts of being cast;
 To the K—g's head she now repairs,
 Poor H—— in humble silence stares,
 And F——d stands aghast.

9

The Dragon Dame, she felt no shame,
 But rather thought she was to blame,
 So sent her foe a piece
 Of J——n's famed regal cake,
 So fam'd for children's belly ache,
 In hopes the feud might cease.

10

But vain it was, the cake sent back
 Declares afresh, some fresh attack ;
 The Hammer Dame she went
 To a Lawyer straight, and did deplore,
 And stated—we will say no more,
 The hated compliment.

11

And now the law doth quickly send
 Forces to sue, and to defend,
 With process dread and fell ;
 To last for many a rising sun,
 The end of law that's once begun,
 No man on earth can tell.

And now should any stranger stand,
On this our savage D——y land,
'Tmay not be out of season,
To say the moral well applies,
Don't catch our manners as they rise,
Nor, nor as they've risen.



On Woman.



NATURE benignant and bounteous to man,
Adorn'd with a woman, creation's great plan ;
No charm was neglected of person or mind,
Comely, and courteous, most chaste and refined.
What tho' she *mistook*, so providence blends
That from Woman proceeds more than ample
amends,
The cause of all evil, by heaven embued,
Becomes to mankind the *cause of all good*.



Ballad,

ON THE RETURN OF THE

LORD of CHATSWORTH

FROM THE CONTINENT.



1

WHENCE was the gloom o'er Chatsworth spread,
 Whence was the cheerless day,
 In ev'ry peasant's face 'twas read—
“ Chatsworth's good Lord's away.”

2

He went to visit foreign climes,
 And shone in every state,
 An English Peer of modern times,
Munificent, as great.

3

But now o'er Chatsworth's lofty tower
 The *Star* shines full abroad,
 That *rules an hospitable hour*,
 Return'd is Chatsworth's Lord.

4

Not only to the richer guest
 These gen'rous rites extend ;
 They warm the *humble* peasant's breast,
 The owner's *humbler* friend.

5

For all are friends the country round,
 Our Lord of Chatsworth here ;
 Engraved on every heart is found,
 To ev'ry bosom dear.

6

Then joy to Chatsworth's stately dome,
 For happy is the day
 That brings its noble Owner home,
 Who has been far away.

7

And merry be this Christmas time,
 That such good tidings brings ;
 And well accepted be the rhyme
 An humble Minstrel sings.

VERSES,

SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR AT THE

UNION MASQUERADE, IN THE CHARACTER OF

Peter Fog, a Poor Poet.

ECCE Signum a Poet, the Union his theme is,
And to make you all smile, his wish, and his
scheme is :

Then attend, if you please, while with care he
rehearses,

Not the Bellman's, but something that's like
Bellmans' verses.

Of Hibernia I sing, rich Urbanity's seat,
Whose friendship, and love, 'tis an honour to greet,
For the Irish are noble, they're gen'rous, sincere—
*I'm very much pleas'd that we've some of them
here.*

It proves, though our *foes* from their envy would
hate us,

Our *friends* would rise up, *like a crop of potatoes*;

Who knows but they'll find here a Major O'Fla'rty
 To give a big whack to the great Buonaparte.
 As for Admiral Bruyes, our tars did astound him,
 Brave Nelson, I trow, knew the way to *come*
round him;

For when he had got thirteen ships of the line,
 He very obligingly ask'd him for nine:
 But not to be rude to the mighty French Nation,
 Said, he'd come for the *rest* on a future occasion.
 Yet I hope that ere long, these jarrings may cease,
 For as I'm a Poet, I'm partial to peace,
 May the blessings of plenty and concord draw nigh,
 And harvests abundant produce their supply.
 Though one cannot much wonder provisions
 don't fall,

While we've so many *crops* good for nothing at all,
 'Twould reduce the consumption to lay so much
 ahead;

On all the fine folks who don't work for their bread;
 But least you shou'd say I'm a tedious old dog,
 I'll only just add, that I'm yours, PETER FOG.

Lines,

ON THE

FATE OF A LITTLE MOUSE,

*That was found dead, over the dry, and empty shells of a bird's nest,
in Doctor Fox's drawing room.*



1

ALMOST, unto us ev'ry day,
Do trifling incidents convey,
Some moral to be wise;
From time, and all its ample store,
The very crosses we deplore,
Do benefits arise.

2

How many miss substantial food,
How many shun presented good,
For some poor mean desire;
And as they idly, vainly dwell,
Like this poor mouse o'er empty shell,
In vanity expire.

Friendships merely bought or sold ;

“ Vessels that no water hold ;”

Idle calculation :

All tell us that the way is wrong,

And urges us in language strong

To better application.

LINES,

ON A HOUSE ON THE NOTTINGHAM ROAD.

IN R——s, worst of poverty we find,	}
Poor in the scanty pittance of his mind,	
With real poverty of soul combined ;	
So keen does avarice round his dwelling blow,	
That not a tree, nor shrub, nor flower will grow.	

Esculapius

On the Cupola of an Infirmary in a Country Town ;

TO THE

RESIDENT DOCTORS, SURGEONS, & APOTHECARIES,

Disputing on the question of Small Pox, and Varicella.

IT is with the most distressing sensations that I observe from my *high* situation, the present unhappy controversy among my children, a controversy that threatens to prove fatal in the end, to the best interests of the Practice of Physic.

Alas! could ever I have thought that I should see the day when any legitimate offspring of mine would turn Authors and be emulous of the *poor* fame of literary composition. Can you really be in earnest? Galin, Celsus, Rock, Brodum, Solomon, forbid, reflect! there is yet time left for you to repent, consider while you are thus unprofitably engaged, that for want of your attendances, and for lack of your physic *all your patients will get well.*

I do not see matters as you do, mine is a *cool* position. I am afraid that much of this mischief has arisen from *nervous irritability*, from the *morbid anatomy of self importance*, perhaps from an *effusion* of blood to the head, after an excellent dinner, and a bottle or two of port, else there would hardly be such a sprinkling of *cuphorbium* in your prescriptions to each other, let me advise a *cooler* regimen, with the assistance of some *antispasmodics*, opium, or musk, and then let us talk over the matter in good temper: my old friend Demosthenes says, that the beginning of all virtue is consultation, and deliberation.

I am willing to acquit you my friends below, of any *personal* animosity, but really you have gone very far to give an impression that such animosity did exist by your calling in nearly the whole *disposable* medical staff against an individual, the *Galvanic* battery from this Castellum, the *Diplomatic Brigade*, the transition my Sons is very easy from a *Committee* to a *Cabal*, it is best even to avoid the resemblances of *Party*.

It is true one of my Sons, the Admiral, prudently perhaps on his part, took what the seamen call it an *offing*, finding it rather squally weather, in with the Coast of the Infirmary.

I cannot avoid expressing my concern that there should have been so much appearance of personality in your arguments. You should recollect that the manners are very different from what they were half a century ago, when the formidable medical body wore immense wigs on their pates, long ruffled shirts, and carried tall golden headed canes; when a group of them would *chatter*, and *fight* like so many pies, over a dead patient in earnest, and learned *disputation*, as to which of them it was, that *killed* the man.

And for your puns, Gentlemen, really I was in dread how far they might be carried, I expected to hear one of you say that you would not be *cowed*, another that his opponent was playing *chicken hazard*, a third, that it was the game of the *fox and geese*, and perhaps the public might exclaim, “*Pox, on both your houses.*”

Then for the Old Women! Why my Sons abuse your best friends? It is the Old Woman who always *insists* on sending for a *Doctor*, it is the Old Woman who exclaims the Doctor's come!! There is a chemical affinity between a Physician and an Old Woman, that will, I hope, for the sake of the Practice, exist for ever.

I now seriously recommend, that if you must quarrel, you *quarrel* as heretofore from time immemorial, *Secund. Art.* that is with the best possible advantage to the Practice.



Address

ON LEAVING ASHBOURNE,

After delivering Lectures in that Town.



I PREPARE to take leave, but before I depart
I would fain pay a tribute that comes from the
heart :

'Tis gratitude's language that I would display,
But can only express *one half* it would say ;
Yet the impulse is honest, true, and sincere,
If ever I felt it, I now feel it here.

To prove that I ought to be grateful to you,
I'll just state the case, as a Lawyer would do :
Hum !—a Stranger my Lud, like a pedlar goes
down

To dispose of his wares, in a neat Country Town ;
This Stranger my Lud has but humble pretensions,
For all his Estate's in his hat's poor dimensions :

He would teach us to think, to converse, and to
write,

And do all that's proper and vastly polite.

Now my Lud you will see that the case can't apply,
Where such wares are not wanting, there's no one
to buy.

Judge Ashbourne gets up, 'tis most certainly clear
That no Stranger has failed of a kind welcome here;
And if he has ought that is useful or gay,
We'll not churlishly turn the poor pedlar away
By laws the most liberal, I chuse to decide,
To encourage a Stranger's my Countrymen's pride
To cherish this sentiment then may be well,
Though we want not to *buy*, the man wants to *sell*.
But why should a Stranger much wonder he found
A lib'ral reception on classical ground?

'Tis literature's soil, no rude barren waste;
Here a *Boothby* delighted with numbers most
chaste,

And yet *Moore* you may claim, to renovate taste.
I shall now bid farewell, my Lecture here ends,
My best adding up, the thanks to my friends;
Anxious to leave the impression behind,
I was not ungrateful where they were so kind.

On a Lady,

PLACING A FALLEN ROSE IN HER BOSOM.

1

Rude the wind, unkind the shower,
That made thee droop thy head ;
That bent so low, so fair a flower,
The pride of all the bed.

2

Let me preserve thee, beauteous rose,
Where no cold frost appears ;
Where thou shalt feel no wind that blows,
No shower but my tears.

Ode to Truth.



1

SAY thou poor persecuted saint,
 Thou mangled martyr of all times ;
 Mangled in sayings, cute, and quaint,
 In *heaps* of prose, and *lots* of rhymes ;

2

Mangled by sectarists ev'ry day,
 All claiming credence right ;
 Who'd cheat the gospel while they pray,
 And honest truth keep out of sight,

3

What dost thine hustled highness here ?
 Truly I'd *cut* the World, or quit it ;
 'Tis but in vain thou'dst persevere,
 Seldom able to out wit it.

Song,

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE RESOURCE FRIGATE.*



1

NIGHT had past her heaviest glooms,
 All but the watch were fast in sleep,
 When right a head a vessel looms,
 Ploughing fast the stilly deep ;
 The Quarter Master tends the wheel,
 And sings as on the chace we steal ;
 Steady, Port a little, steady.

2

All hands are call'd, no seaman rests,
 For now the Boatswain hoarsely cries,
 “ Up all hammocks, down all chests ;”
 See each man to his station flies.
 The Quarter Master, &c.

3

A few broadsides decide the fight,
 Her colours struck bespeak dismay ;
 The prize is ours, the helm we right,
 And now for England bear away.
 The Quarter Master, &c.

4

The helmsman now he ready stands
 His heart with love's sweet hope imprest,
 The wheel still govern'd by his hand,
 The magnet compass in his breast.
 The Quarter Master, &c.

* Recollection does not always pour out the vials of wrath. At times it comes in such pleasant guise as makes us give it welcome. It is so with one who has ever leaned over the taffarel of a ship of war in a fine evening, when he recalls the serenity of the picture, contemplating the wake of the vessel in a favoring gale, on a passage home, and the beauty of the setting sun. It is a mistaken notion that a sailor is all roughness and rudeness; among the Officers are to be found men of high polish, when absent from the boisterous duties peculiar to the element. At the time that the Author was lieutenant in the Swedish Marine, a circumstance occurred that deserves mention, as it displays the character of the Naval Officer. He had

seen the present Admiral Sir Sidney S——, with (whom he was to take his passage in a merchant ship to Gottenberg,) several times at his own house, and once when he was drest for court, he was struck with the appearance of the then Captain S——, and with the elegance of his manners, and the next day was appointed to meet him on the Royal Exchange. The Author was punctual, but could not see any person in the Swedish walk, in the least resembling Captain S——. At length he applied to a merchant to know if he had been there; the merchant pointed to a man in an old great coat with a silk bandanna handkerchief round his neck, who was indeed that elegant and accomplished Officer, he smiled at the circumstance, and seemed to enjoy very much the masquerade, saying, “We were courtiers yesterday, but we must be sailors to day.” The Naval Officer of the Old School was not so easily polished. Admiral Sir J. L. R. was at the levee taking leave, and after the presentation to the Queen, abruptly turned round to go away. The Lord in waiting, said, “Admiral it is not the etiquette to turn about in the presence of the Queen.” Never mind cried the blunt Admiral, “Tell her Majesty that I’ll never turn my back on her enemies.”

The Big Wigs.

OR,

COUNSELLORS SNOUT AND GLOUT.

A TALE.

'Twas at the assizes in a Country town,
 Where on the circuit, Counsellors go down
 To pocket fees from many a gaping clown;
 That brothers *Snout* and *Glout* as usual met,
 To argue cases, of trespass, or of debt.
 Now it happen'd that these big Wigs sage & cute,
 Were both retain'd for plaintiff in a suit;
 The court was very full, a swarm like May bees,
 Gentlemen & clowns, mothers with their babies,
 All eager to press forward—close at hand,
 To hear what but few of them could understand.
 The cause was call'd on, Counsellor Snout began.
 A clever Counsellor, but an ugly man,
 So ugly, that his face was almost hideous,
 To Nature's comeliness a supersedeas.

In the midst of a fat, squab face arose,
 A large huge proboscis call'd a nose,
 That might have made the Counsellor when in bed
 Of the bed clothes, an awning o'er his head.
 — A witness was call'd up—a woman too,
 With whom the *gown* has often much to do,
 That sex don't like badg'ring, and in most matters,
 The Counsellor's badgered, when the woman
 chatters;

'Twas just so now for Snout, somewhat angrily,
 Cried out several times “ Woman look at me !”
 Now it happen'd that the woman took the whim,
 Of looking at almost any thing but him;
 At the young dandy Counsellors, plac'd behind,
 Or at almost any other object she could find.
 At length the Judge as well might be in such case,
 Call'd out “ Woman look my brother in the face !”
 The poor woman falter'd, hesitated, blush'd,
 The Court, & all the Counsellors, *all* were hush'd,
 But yet the good woman turn'd away her eyes,
 Again the Counsellor to the Judge applies;
 The Judge again repeats but with less grace,
 “ Woman, look my learned brother in the face,”

“I can’t indeed my Lord, pray my Lord excuse,”

“What Woman do you still persist, refuse?”

“I can’t indeed my Lord,” quite scar’d and wild,

“Woman, why not?” “My Lord, I—I—I’m with
child,”

Here up rose *Glout*, “Yes, yes, I—I see, I see,
I know, I know, come good Woman look at me.”

Now *Glout* was by far more plain than t’other
In very ugliness, his elder brother,

Or at least perhaps ’twill be but just and fair

To say, that these two Counsellors made a pair.

Glout had a frightful squint, was dull and stupid,

And when a boy at School, was nicknam’d *Cupid*.

In vain it is, that the Counsellor applies

To the stubborn Lady, she averts her eyes,

The Judge, “Here you Woman, do you hear,
attend;”

I desire that you’ll look at my learned friend.

“I can’t,” “you can’t,” “why then you shall go
to jail,

We will see if bread and water will prevail,”

“I can’t look indeed—Heaven forgive my sins,

I, I—think—I think—my Lord—I think I’ve
twins.”

ON THE

Portrait of Mrs. H——t,

Of Winchmore Hill:

PAINTED BY BARBER.



I

Tho' Barber's skill can give a grace,
 To dull inanimation :
 It best displays the speaking face,
 The mind's illumination.

2

See here the painters art proclaim,
 Beauty, grace, wit, combin'd,
 And shew within a golden frame,
 The *happiest frame of mind*.

The Derbiad.

“MOTLEY’S *THE ONLY WEAR*.”

1

MUSES, ye lofty beggars pray,
 Attempt not to excuse ;
 In metre I would fain display
 Our D——y friends, and news.

2

For once be civil then and stoop,
 Come lend me your instructions,
 While I present my *motley* group,
 With proper introductions.

3

And pray too, ladies be discreet,
 No jealousies, nor malice ;
 But give a sample I intreat
 Of your best humour’d sallies.

4

For what for libel's oft mistook,
 Is but a smart emetic ;
 Prescribed a patient in a book,
 Like treatise analytic.

5

Or physic which improves the chyle
 Almost beyond idea ;
 By due discharge of acrid bile,
 Or cleansing *prima via*.

6

Or rather 'tis a syringe, or squirt,
 That used by waggish elves ;
 On *dirty* people, throwing *dirt*,
 To make them clean themselves.

7

It therefore has a moral end,
 And is no scand'lous matter ;
 But is the office of a friend
 To pelt, and to bespatter.

8

But be it done so true and decent,

A man himself may see ;

And as in an indictment recent,

Himself insist 'tis he.*

9

Or inuendo past a doubt,

For *nibblers* at the bar ;

That *ex-officio* may find out

Some sage Sir Vinegar.†

* In an action against Count S——, for a libel on Major J——, the Judge inquired if any body knew the picture, drawn by the Author to be that of Major J——. The answer was, yes my Lord, the Major himself says it was meant for him—well replied the Judge, if that be the case, *I am very sorry it is so like.*—It would be better in these cases to use a line from the song of the little Old Woman, “Sure it is 'nt I——.” It constitutes a case in which we may be fairly excused for not *knowing one's self*: perhaps the better way is for the *libellee* to turn up his nose, and say that the article is trash, and the author contemptible,

† There is even foppery to be found at the bar. These *fops* are never seen to so much *advantage*, or rather disadvantage, as when they are *nibbling* in court, by day, or at *chambers* at night. It is then that they *show off*, and pertness is mistaken for aptness.—If you see a loose

So ladies of offence take care,
 And legal prosecution ;
 Yet do not the oppressor spare
 From tame irresolution.

But t' have done with this exordium,
 Or legal disquisition,
 Or rather sprinkling of euphorbium,
 Of satirist physician.

shambling, slovenly personage, drest in shabby black, and without gloves, in the streets staring at the space above him, and looking like an idiot. 'Tis tea to one that he's a barrister. This character is seen to still less advantage in the *drawing room*, there he is put out of countenance, (no such rare occurrence by the bye, when he is *out of court*) by the *grande maniere* of the *noblesse*, and the *haut en bas*, which they can display on occasion, nor does his pertness or sagacity avail him any thing before the foppery of the *man of fashion*, or that of the *man of the world*, for all these have their fopperies.

Shame on it!—are we to be always *scarecrows* to each other, mutually disdaining, and despising, and displaying the vile egotism of our condition in life.

But let me just: one great, grand, noble feature belongs to the cha-

And with my D——y news proceed
 With critical narration,
 That all my readers who can read,
 May read for information.*

racter of the *English Barrister*. It is his high sense of integrity, and of honor, above all bribery, and on the score of corruption.

“ Both from within, and from without, to all temptation arm’d.”

This is his allowance of praise ; all beyond, is vanity, pertness, prejudice, illiberality, suspicion, cunning, and vulgarity. There are exceptions to every rule, and in this case just so many as serve to establish the rule.

* It is not every body who has had a college education who can read



Goaling the Ball.

1

If D——y merit you would find,
 One hint will do for all;
 The talent of the D——y mind,
 Is *goaling of a Ball.*

2

On a shrove Tuesday, see parade,
 This dirty institution;
 And in miniature display'd,
 A *red cap revolution.*

Juvenile Capacity.

I

See our rising D——y race,
 Strong, stupid, wild and rough ;
 With most unmeaning silly face,
 But impudence enough.*

* The depravity of the boys and girls in this town is an evidence of the little use of Sunday Schools governed on the system of neglecting altogether *preceptive* religion, or morals, with that *minor morality*, not less valuable called manners. The nuisances that they are to the well disposed, and quiet inhabitant, their offensive diversions, trespasses, throwing of stones, &c. shew the shameful relaxation of morals. The lower order of people pride themselves in their children becoming what they call *fine rough lads*, that is, to be capable of fighting, goaling a ball, robbing an orchard, &c. If complained of, the reply of the mothers is, most generally, “well I shan’t beat my child for any body ;” without sense to see that the permitted mischief will some day fall severely on themselves, in all manner of undutifulness, and hardihood.

One of these wretched mothers on its being represented to her that her son, a *fine rough lad*, had committed a petty theft, made answer with vast exultation, “Aye! Aye! he’s so *fause* he won’t want for any

thing he can lay his hands on I warrant, but the grace of God will descend upon him by and bye." I could not but think that a flogging would have been useful now and then until that time arrived. *Fausse* is a favourite word with these poor ignorant creatures, as if *falsity*, *cunning* and *subtility* were good principles for a child; for the word is derived from the French, and such its meaning: That these qualities are completely *devilish* is certain. Now much of this mischief proceeds from the fatal misrepresentations of the Holy Scripture, from the favourite axiom of *grace without works*; thus these young *Spartans* are allowed to thieve if they have dexterity enough to do it without detection: and the public are to wait as long a time perhaps for *grace* to come on them, as these self dubb'd Saints, the father and mother, say it was before it came on themselves. One should be just always, the *Derbies* are bold and daring horsemen, though they all gallop like butchers: it is remarkable, that in riding, the arms and legs swing like those of the puppet punch in the show; and in walking, they have as much action for the arms, as the legs. I shall be told perhaps that this applies to the vulgar, it does, and of these there is a vast population of rich and poor. I am not now to be deterr'd from speaking the truth; the World must now court me, I have done with courting the World. I am "censor morum liberimms." I hold, that this town which affects so much polish, is at least a century and a half behind any other in England on the score of mind and manners.—It is true that Ladies and Gentlemen are the same in every place: but few of these are indigenous. They have an old adage among themselves that is at once original and applicable

D——y born and D——y bred,
Strong arms, and a weak head.

The want of a portion of mind in a town is never more strongly exhibited than in a neglected theatre. Those who have heard Sinclair sing

with all his science and taste to a thin house, and even Kean and O'Neil play to houses not over crowded, will not be at a loss to judge of the lamentable deficiency of mind. Hopes may be entertained of an increase of intellect, when monied people, and the trade help to fill the seats, to see respectable tradesmen and their families, looks well: for 'tis too true that there are many who would rather spend *three* or *four* shillings in ale in a night at a public house, than pay *two* towards the cultivation of their barren understandings at a play.

"Sweep on you fat, and greasy citizens,"

your library consists of a day book, and a ledger.

I am one who will never shew respect to a man merely for his money. If a *pig* could carry a purse he might have money about him; and what is a town without intellect, but a large *piggery*.



The J——y Committee.



1

BEHOLD a solemn Council met,
 Gravely to investigate ;
 Each learned member takes his seat,
 To muse, and cogitate.

2

Never sure was such a gloom,
 Or such sage inquisitors ;
 Hung with black seems all the room,
 Frightened all the visitors.

3

On *new* small pox they now debate,
 Or *old small pox* belied :
 And now they gravely agitate,
 A thing is *not*, that's *modified*.

The Wise Men.

1

HERE too philosophers hold reign,
 Exclusive and select;
 Their own rare talents to sustain,
 And rivalryship reject.

2

Prudence these Wisemen's measures grace
 With selfish sentiment ;
 Black balls wou'd be in such a case,
 A *real* compliment.

But all's not dulness here nor self ;
 To some there's due the praise ;
 I scorn to give the clown with pelf
 The homage meanness pays.

Kedleston Hall.

1

THESE lines may no one flattery call,
 My theme has need of none ;
 I sing the hospitable hall,
 The hall of *Kedleston*.

2

Ungrateful they who can forget,
 The gen'rous ready boon,
 For him who entered cold and wet,
 The doors of *Kedleston*.

3

Who knows to judge and feels to prize ?
 That art so little known ;
 That bids the humblest merit rise,
 The *Lord of Kedleston*.

4

Who at the splended *Fete* or *Ball*,
 In brilliant converse shone?
 Giving light, and life to all,
 The *Dame of Kedleston*.

5

Tho' more retir'd yet as bright,
 In her domestic zone,
 In steady lustre gives her light,
 The *Star of Kedleston*.

On Politics.

1

WE have our *Parties* high and low,
 True blue and yellow;
 Each to the other don't you know,
 A *silly* fellow.

2

But *small*, his merit who espouses
 Either side in spite ;
 I say “ pox o’ both your houses,”
 Mercutio was right.

3

What is this *Party* ? why forsooth
 A lying devil,
 Who smothers as he lists the truth,
 To his own level.

4

Now revolution’s naught,
 In my researches,
 I find no better doctrine taught
 Than in our churches.

5

I love to see the antique spire,
 Aye, and I love my king ;
 No vile, rude tumults I desire,
 No—no such thing.

6

If Minister be knave, or fool,
 Then be this my toast ;
 May no democracy bear rule,
 Old Whigs—your post.

7

Betray all fiction, folly, freak,
 Or vile financial trick ;
 Let *now* one honest *speaker, speak*
Cocker's Arithmetic.

8

Then honest men judge for the best,
 Aye, and be quiet ;
 Keeping this maxim in your breast,
 Reform, not riot.

THE END.

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